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AT THE MAKING OF THE HAY.

When the whippoorwills are calling,
And the apple blossoms are falling,
With a tender little fore-telling
Summer's bluish upon the grass;
Where the little stars are keeping
Watch above the meadow sleeping,
And the jays' laughter's peeping,
I will meet my bonnie lass.

I will seek her, I will find her,
I will shyly steal behind her,
And with kisses I will blind her
Till she sets the happy day!
And when the barley's heading,
And the summer rose is shedding,
Oh, there'll be a merry wedding
At the making of the hay.

—Manhattan for September.

The Spirit of Discovery.

Man in his journey through life
meets with many mysteries and at
times feels himself enveloped in dark
and gloomy curtains of uncertainty.
In his simplest action as well as in
his loftiest contemplations, and in his
most ordinary feelings mysteries meet
him everywhere, mingle with all his
employments and terminate his
views.

The mysterious workings of the
universe, the wonderful conditions of
life struggling with its earthly load—
coming it knows not whence, going
it knows not whither, with eternity to
be experienced before it with all its
strange remembrances, now exploring
its past years as if they were periods
before the flood and there gathering
them within a space as if they were
but the dreams of a day—with all its
dark and bright visions of mortal
fear and hope, present themselves to
his mind to mystify and overwhelm.

At such times the individual feels
within himself a burning desire the
mystery to explore. He would pen-
etrate the mystic veil and view the
hills and mountains of the vast un-
known bathed in the eternal sunlight
of discovery.

Burning with this desire men from
the earliest ages have devoted their
lifetime to a search after the hidden
truths of science and philosophy, and
have unfolded to the wondering gaze
of multitudes of their fellow men pro-
found secrets, a knowledge of which
has added volume to the flow of the
world's "many-scened drama."

Centuries ago, way back
in the earlier nations, man had but
an imperfect idea of the world, knew
comparatively little of science and
philosophy, yet even then he was in
advance of his primitive state and
was reaping the rewards of early dis-
coveries, the origin of which are lost
in obscurity.

History, at its authentic dawn, finds
men spinning and weaving, carving
rudimentary blocks of stone into mas-
sive figures, melting the metals and till-
ing the soil. The discovery of these use-
ful arts was the beginning of civiliza-
tion. Strange as it may seem, man-
kind generally was to reap the re-
ward of discovery, yet blinded by
superstition and ignorance it, for
ages, worked in direct opposition and
strive to smother out the spirit, by
opposing and persecuting those who
sought to throw light upon dark
places and dissolve the fatal mist that
blinded the understanding of their
fellow creatures. The most painful
biographies that history hands down
to us are those of the martyrs of dis-
covery who lived and died for their
cause that the world might be bet-
ter fitted. Oh, how the blood boils
within your veins as you read of the
base injustice done to those men!

Who can read the account of the
life of Columbus without at times
feeling the hot blood mounting to his
temples and the muscles of his body
contracting with a convulsive spasm
in his righteous indignation at the
cruel injustice done this man. ***
Witness how with what patience and
brave devotion to his purpose for sev-
eral long years he urges his suit at
the court of Spain; how he discussed
the problem of the earth's rotundity
with the learned council, and even
when in danger of falling into trouble
as a heretic, dares to assert his views,
and finally after having made his dis-
coveries and revealed to Europe a
new world, behold him an old gray-
headed, heart-broken man languish-
ing in chains in a Spanish prison.
This is but one of the touching ac-
counts of men whom the spirit of dis-
covery led to martyrdom in those
dark days of the uncertainty of hu-
man justice. There are many others.
I might picture to you the career of
the "Starry Galleo, with his woes,"
who revealed to the wondering gaze
of man, by his many useful discov-
eries, so many wonders of the uni-
verse and who is enshrined among the
martyrs of science.

Discovery is essentially
the product of a learned mind—a
mind that has been trained by long
and agonizing study to concentrat-
all its powers for the solution of a
problem. Hence it is, that in all
ages discoveries have been made, al-
most exclusively by men who repre-
sented the learning of the age, and in
the earlier ages before learning be-
came as universal as now, was con-
fined to a few men, who, because of
their knowledge, were in advance of
the age in which they lived. ***
Because of their ignorance, the mass
of mankind were unable to compre-
hend the truth of those discoveries;
therefore they were incredulous and
condemned them as dangerous novel-
ties. The language of Roger Bacon,
speaking in his own defense, when
about to be punished as a magician,
clearly shows the "spirit of the times
in opposition to discovery: "Because
these things are beyond your com-
prehension you call them the works
of the devil; your theologians and
cannons abhor them as the produc-
tions of magic, regarding them as not
worthy of a Christian."

Through the darkness of those days
of opposition, discovery was steadily
fighting its way, and by the brilliancy
of its sun was revealing to the world
knowledge that was to mould the
civilization of nations.

Having thrown off the iron shackles
of opposition, the spirit of discovery
feels no restraint and goes forth in
every direction, gilding the mountain-
tops of man's expectation and bring-
ing forth clear springs of living wa-
ters from their sides. It has so en-
larged the range of human knowledge
that it is almost impossible for the
mind of man to comprehend it. Not
only has it laid bare the secrets of our
own earth, but it has borne man far
out into the nebular fields of light and
surrounded him by the wonders of
other worlds, where lies stores of
wealth to be explored and gathered
into the general treasury of human
knowledge.

When we think of the little world
known to the inhabitants of a few
centuries ago, and of the vast im-
mensity of the one known to the in-
habitants of to-day, we are astonished
at the rapid strides discovery has
made since it came out of the gloom
of the "dark ages."—Phillip Mullen
in Rockawayville Free Press.

The Cause of Failure.

There is in almost every business in
which men engage, an element of un-
certainty which can not at all times be
successfully met. It is not possible
to determine the point from which
the danger may approach, and the
only thing it is possible to do or
that can be done by the most far-
sighted business man is to be prepared
to meet an emergency from any di-
rection, and when that is done he is
practically helpless and at the mercy,
so to speak, of the circumstances
which surround him.

This is true in merchandising, agri-
culture, stock-raising and, in fact, of
nearly every vocation. But in min-
ing operations a body of ore has a
definite value. The cost of its extrac-
tion, transportation and reduction
may be estimated exactly. Its value
in the market shows but slight fluctua-
tion, and the only possible point of
danger is in the failure of the body to
continue, yet the permanency of ore
bodies is determined by a law which
may be as readily understood and com-
mended as any other law known to
geological and metallurgical science,
so that the points wherein disaster
may be apprehended, or reduced to a
minimum, and in fact by thorough in-
vestigation may be obliterated entire-
ly, hence we confidently claim that
no other line of business is based upon
such a broad and indestructible basis
of resources, and afford more possi-
bility and certain result, or better secu-
rity for continued profitability than
mining. We also assert, confident
that the result of the failure will con-
firm our assertions, that the record of
loss, the unsavory reputation, the false
and unjust public opinion concerning
what will yet prove to be one of the most
desirable and profitable industries,
are due entirely to mismanagement,
ignorance and shameful dishonesty,
and have no shadow of justification
in the history of which may be term-
ed reasonable and legitimate opera-
tions prosecuted for the purpose of
developing mining property in the in-
terest of production.—Chicago Re-
view.

The Types of Americans.

The Americans in London at pre-
sent are of three several kinds; there
is the one who comes over here to
live, and who adopts English ways
and effects English peculiarities, and
who would not be taken for an Amer-
ican for the world; who says "I say,
don't you know," and all that sort of
thing, who seeks to forget and make
people forget that he was ever in "the
States," and who seldom more than
half succeeds in either. Then there
is the American who does not know
English ways, and does not care to,
particularly, yet is not quite sure if
American ways will do; who is timid
and hesitates about everything; who
hesitatingly gives the cabbie two shil-
lings for one shilling fare, or pays
another shilling or two because the
man is surly; who keeps out of the
way of people as much as he can,
slips around the corner and tries to
do his sight-seeing on the sly, and
failing in this slips a fee into the
hands of every person who accosts
him, thanks them for telling him
nothing, hurries to his hotel to get
rid of this new and perplexing world,
where the hiring which cringes for a
shilling is often better dressed than
he.

Another American one sees, and I
am giving, of course, only the more
noticeable, is the inveterate sight-
seer, who will be hindered by none,
who goes about, guide book in hand,
who having heard enough of the com-
munion service at Westminster Ab-
bey, gets up, and after walking
through the church: "How under
the sun do you get out of this thing?"
Which question, the old man being
stone deaf, has to be repeated several
times; who quarrels with his cabbie,
and insists on giving only what is
due; who lives in his old suits he has
brought over to wear out, and who
talks a great deal about how they do
things in America. Let me add here
that one sees, too, although not so
noticeable, a woman faultless in man-
ner and in word and look, who on
a inquiry also proves. "Ah, an Amer-
ican; don't you know her? Ah,
charming, charming; married here.
So and so, don't you know?"—Lon-
don Letter.

Treatment for Texas Fever.

Professor Faville, Colorado's State
veterinarian, gives the method of
treatment in cases of Texas fever, as
follows:

First—To physic the cattle well,
say with one pound of epsom salts
each day for three days, accompany-
ing this with a tablespoonful of ni-
trate of potash or saltpeter, twice a
day.

Second—A good preventive is half
an ounce of hyposulphate of soda twice
a day, morning and evening, for four
or five days, then rest a day, after
which begin again. If a cow, after
being heated, becomes debilitated,
she should be taken from the range,
placed upon good green food and
given a tonic. Very few cattle dis-
eases recover without being doctored,
though some instances are known
where such was the case. Sucking
calves are safe. The chances of cure
are such that a good animal should
always be attended to. All northern
cattle exposed to the Texas herd trail
are not necessarily afflicted with the
fever. The dead cattle should be
buried or burned, though there is no
probability of northern diseased cattle
conveying the disease to others.

The Editor's Easy Job.

Mr. Madrilie, of the Reese River
Reveille, makes the following state-
ment of his personal experience:
"I wish I had as easy a job as you
have got," said a friend the other
day. Yes, it's an easy job to run a
country daily paper. All you have
to do is to be editor-in-chief, local
editor, city editor, agricultural editor,
puzzle editor, fighting editor, para-
grapher, proof reader, foreman, com-
positor, job printer, collector, book-
keeper, circulator, solicitor, manager,
pressman, to make out bills, pay
printers, taxes, house and office rent,
pay insurance premiums, buy clothes,
food and shoes for yourself, wife and
babies, general roustabout, devil, do
chores, go everywhere, treat every-
body like your long lost brother, get
up at 6 o'clock and keep going until
10 p. m., or later; have one man
make you a certain thing, and an-
other say if you don't; have to get
up an interesting paper if your head
is as big as a wash tub, and be called
a crank, an idiot or a fool if you make

a mistake; have some smart Alex to
run after you to show you a typo-
graphical error, entertain visitors,
hunt up half a dozen people to get
the truth about an item, and get
abused if you miss any detail and—
well, it is an easy job, but very few
of us seem to get rich or fat, all the
same.

Cure for Snake Bites.

A cure for snake bites not gene-
ally known, and which acts almost by
magic, is to take a live chicken and
cut it open and place it over the
wound. In two or three minutes the
fowl becomes thoroughly saturated
with the poison, and assumes a dark
green color. Then place a fresh one
on the punctured parts, and still a
third one, which is usually sufficient
in ordinary cases.

A never failing remedy that is used
to a great extent in Florida is a com-
bination of lion root and rattlesnake
violet. The former is made into a
tea, and a salve is made of the violet.
Before using this, however, a poultice
made of salt and indigo is applied to
the wound to draw out the poisonous
matter.

A madstone is also said to act with
the same effect on a snake bite that it
does on that of a mad dog. I pur-
chased one of these stones some time
ago, but have never had occasion to
use it, and am waiting anxiously to
test its efficacy on either dog or re-
ptile poisoning.

Another remedy easily applied and
always at hand is to dig a hole in the
earth and bury the injured part in it.
There is something peculiar in con-
nection with a snake bite, and I want
to tell you of it. If a man should be
bitten on the arm, say, to day, just
one year from now, within a day or
two of the anniversary of the occur-
rence, the arm will begin to swell,
and yellow spots resembling those of
a snake will appear, and this will re-
cur each succeeding year.

Mexican Customs.

The Mexican is a courteous man.
Ask him a question and he invariably
gives you the best answer at his com-
mand. He is generally willing to
spend time and effort for your ac-
commodation. He is never embar-
rassed. The girl by the roadside
never blushes and never runs away.
Look at a Mexican gentleman and he
is wont to smile and salute you. Ask
him a question on the street and he
will shake hands with you on parting.
People whom you never saw before
and in all probability never will again,
will willingly show you through mu-
seums and libraries, give you their
time for an hour, shake hands and bid
you good bye, merely because you
are a stranger, and during the whole
time never ask you a personal ques-
tion.

The Mexicans are slow. It is best
not to push them, and to avoid im-
patient gestures; you must wait, and
it is wise to be patient. There is no
need in Mexico of great variety in
clothing. The best is of moderately
thick material in light colors. The
Mexican climate is warm in the sun,
cool in the shade and chilly at night-
fall. There is no day in the Mexican
year when light flannel underwear
ought not to be worn.—Steele's Mex-
ico.

"Pardon me sir, but you did not
cheer as the procession passed; you are
not a Blaine man?"
"No I am not."

"You think then that Cleveland—"

"You mistake me sir; I am not for
Cleveland."

"Then it is Butler whom you—"

Wrong again, sir; I could not con-
sistently vote for Butler."

"What? not for Blaine, nor Cleve-
land, nor Butler? You must be a pro-
hibitionist, then. You are the first St.
John man I've met this year!"
"I am sorry to hear that; I am
St. John."

Redwood forests in California are
yearly diminishing, as this wood is
increasingly used in building on the
Pacific coast. The superstructure of
most dwellings in San Francisco is of
redwood, and the "Friscons cherish
the belief that it does not burn as
readily as other light material.

Next to Texas, Wyoming is prob-
ably the greatest stock growing region
in the United States. It is said that
about 1,000,000 cattle are now feed-
ing on its plains, the estimate of
which is about \$20,000,000.

TERRITORIAL ITEMS

The tax levy of Gila county is 2½
per cent. The collector is allowed 4
per cent for collection.

Geo. Blaine, who was recently shot
by Marion McCann in Pleasant Val-
ley, is rapidly recovering.

It does not speak well for the gal-
lantry of the dozen or more specta-
tories who stood by and saw a woman
kicked to death, without making any
attempt to prevent it.—Journal.

The coroner's jury in the case of
Jennie Clark, the girl murdered at
Prescott last Friday, found that she
had come to her death by violence at
the hands of Fred Glover.

Mr. F. M. Murphy was very cor-
dially received by the citizens of Min-
eral Park, during his recent visit
there in the interest of the New Or-
leans Exposition. He says the peo-
ple there are taking a lively and en-
thusiastic interest in seeing that Mo-
haves county will be well represented
at the Exposition.

Silver King is livelier now than it
has been for years. There is not an
idle man in camp, and business is
booming. One hundred and fifty
men are employed in the Silver King
mine alone. A report that the Silver
King company have leased the Hiss-
tings mill is current here, and if true
the life and business in that section of
the country will be greatly increased.
—Epitaph.

On the 29th ult., as J. G. Camp-
bell was walking towards the rear of
his store, he was startled by a loud
report similar to the report of a pis-
tol, behind him, and on turning
around was somewhat surprised to
find a large hole in the floor, about
two feet from where he was standing.
An investigation revealed a large
musket ball in the cellar and a hole
in the glass roof, through which it
had entered. The indications are
that it had been fired into the air to
the northeast of Prescott, and had
come down as indicated. Mr. Camp-
bell narrowly escaped being hit by it,
as he had just passed the spot where
it struck, and its velocity was sufficient
to have killed him had it struck him,
as it passed entirely through the floor,
tearing large pieces from beneath.
—Prescott Journal.

Thomas McKenzie and Thomas Ir-
win are two miners who have a con-
tract at the King mine. Sunday last,
in connection with another miner,
they left off work to enjoy themselves
and rest. In looking for pleasure
they dropped into a saloon at Queen
City, and indulged in considerable
beer. During the course of the after-
noon they had a dispute about some
trifling matter and Irwin went off on
a grudge. About 8 o'clock McKenzie
started for the King mine, distant
about half a mile, alone. He had
gone not over a hundred yards, and
was about crossing the creek, when
he alleges that Irwin rose up before
him, and with some imprecations,
shot at him with a rifle, the ball
striking him in the right thigh and in-
flicting a painful wound. McKenzie
fell to the ground and began calling
for assistance, Irwin in the meantime,
running off. Aid came to the wound-
ed man from the saloon, to which he
was carried, and a doctor was sum-
moned from Clifton, who dressed the
wound. Irwin was arrested Monday
at Queen City, by Deputy Sheriff
Hill, and locked up in the Clifton
jail.—Clifton Clarion.

A "Sam Ward."

The late Sam Ward, by the way,
was the inventor of many curious
things to eat and drink, but most of
them were more curious than practi-
cable. Nevertheless, the drink that
bears his name will probably survive
until the millennium prayed for by
Neal Dow shall arrive. The gifted
Ward directed the "plump head
waiter," spoken of by Tennyson, to
pare skillfully a lemon, taking off the
rind in one unbroken spiral slip. This
was put into a shallow glass, like a
tasting, the being of the variety known
to the world as the "cocktail glass."
The aromatic lining of the glass was
then filled with finely cracked ice,
and the whole was daintily deluged
with chartreuse or curacao, preferably
the former. Long after men have
forgotten the invention of this seduc-
tive tippie, his name will be on the
lips of clubmen and other sybarites,
who will say, "Make me a Sam Ward
please."—New York Times.

Arizona Timber.

We are in receipt of an instructive
little pamphlet issued by the Atchi-
son, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad
Co., devoted to the interests of
Arizona. In connection with other re-
sources, it contains the following in re-
gard to the timber:

The largest timber tract in Arizona
is the forest extending south-west
from the San Francisco mountains.
It contains 12,000 square miles of
merchantable timber. The pine is
the important tree and a number of
saw-mills are at work. The Ayers
mill at Flagstaff is the largest west
of the Missouri river, and has been ship-
ping to Old Mexico and surrounding
States and Territories for some time.
It made 38,000,000 feet of lumber in
1883, and a man would have to travel
around the forest a long time to find
the hole thus made. It is estimated
that this forest contains 153,600,000,
000 feet of lumber yet untouched.
Here the pine tree sometimes grows
to a height of 200 feet. On the Santa
Catalina, Santa Rita, Huachuca, Chi-
ricahua, Pinalina, and Sierra Blanca
ranges are great forests scarcely visit-
ed as yet. The pay-roll of employ-
ees of Ayers mill amount to \$7,000 a
month, not including loggers. Ariz-
ona is no treeless desert.

Justice to the Cowboy.

There is always a crowd of genuine
cowboys in Albuquerque. They come
here either for relaxation or on busi-
ness. We have abundant opportuni-
ties of observing their characteristics
and peculiarities, and we feel it in-
cumbent on us to do them justice.
The cowboy sleeps with his saddle for
his pillow wherever night overtakes
him, eats at any camp where favor or
fortune drives him, and in turn is ever
ready to divide with his fellow man,
who perchance drops in on him, resting
at his cabin or beneath the shade and
shelter of some trees, as the case may
be. The genuine cowboy was hardly
ever known to do a mean or cowardly
act, but his reputation has been in-
fringed upon—in fact, ruined—by
desperadoes who know but little of
cowboy life and magnanimity, but
reclaim themselves off to an unspeak-
ing public as man-eating, man-dis-
troying cowboys from the outposts of
creation. Of course the influence of
liquor makes him occasionally a little
noisy; aside from this he is a harmless
creature.—Democrat.

Mr. Frank Murphy, Commissioner
for Arizona for the New Orleans Ex-
position, is now in Mohave County
collecting articles for display at that
great fair. He will also visit other
points on this road and it is expected
that he will be at Flagstaff soon. It
is to be hoped that every one who has
a desire to see Arizona rank among
the first of the States and Territories
in her display of products, which she
undoubtedly can, if some action will
be taken with that end in view by
parties interested, to exert themselves
and lend a helping hand in selecting
articles for this golden opportunity.
Her successful display depends entire-
ly upon the interest her citizens take
in the matter.

The working woman of America is
the noblest and purest and best of her
sex. She is honest, industrious, true
and brave. She faces discouragements
that would send men to the
rumshop or on the road as tramps.
She has a patience that would adorn
an angel, a fidelity that would become
a saint, and is altogether too good for
the average man to whom she gener-
ally becomes tied. If she knew on
which side her bread was buttered she
would let him shift for himself, and
pursue the unincumbered tenor of her
even, excellent way alone.

The San Bernardino Index learns
on reliable authority that from 250 to
300 men will be put to work on the
California Southern Railroad on Mon-
day next, and that work will be push-
ed from both the San Diego and San
Bernardino ends of the line with the
determination to have the road in
running order by the 1st of Septem-
ber next. This is good news prepon-
taneous to the completion of the road
through the Cajon Pass to an inter-
section with the Atlantic and Pacific.
—Courier.

An Hartford apple tree is ten feet
and four inches in circumference and
has three branches each four feet
around and forty feet long.